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CHAPTER XXXV.

THE YO-KUTS.

[101] In the language of this nation *yo'-kuts* denotes "Indian" or "Indians", and *no'-no*, "man". (It is a singular fact that nearly every language has different words for "man" and "Indian".) As often before, so here again it is necessary to adopt a word in common use as a basis of classification, since they have no national name.

[648] We have seen how the California Indians in the extreme northern part of their domain were, at the time of the American advent, being driven back and crushed out by the stronger and fiercer Athabascan races. Likewise in the southern part of their habitat this peaceful race was slowly giving way before the incursions of the more powerful and warlike Paiuti of Nevada. All along the eastern side of the great interior basin the Sierra [133] Nevada interposes an effectual barrier against the latter, protecting the Californians on that side; but the passes which occur at the northern and southern points of junction between the Sierra and the Coast Range allowed the Athabascan tribes and the Paiuti, respectively, to swarm in toward the rich and tempting plains of California, dispossessing the feebler peoples who were there before them.

Living as they do at the lower end of the great basin, the Yokuts received the brunt of the Paiuti attacks. So severe were the latter that the Yokuts, as a geographically solid body of allied tribes, were cut in two in one place and nearly in another. Their habitat stretched originally from [131] the Fresno River to Fort Tejon; but the Paiuti tribes, swarming through Ta-hi'-cha-pa, Tejon, and Walker's Passes, seized and occupied Kern River, White River, Posa Creek, and Kern Lake, thus completely severing the Yokuts nation, and leaving an isolated fragment of it at Fort Tejon, in

24 T C [pp. 1-368 not processed]

A nook of the mountains.

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a nook of the mountains. Doubtless they would eventually have seized all the streams emptying into Tulare Lake, but they seem to have become enervated by the malaria, and reduced to the same condition of sluggishness as the people whom they displaced.

At the time of the American advent, therefore, the Yokuts occupied the south bank of the Fresno; the San Joaquin, from Whisky Creek down to the mouth of the Fresno; King's River, from Mill Creek down to the mouth; the Kaweah, Tule River, and Deer Creek; the west shore of Tulare Lake, and the isolated mountain-nook at Fort Tejon.

Their tribal distribution was as follows: On the San Joaquin, from Whisky Creek down to Millerton, are the Chūk'-chan-ai; farther down, the Pit'-ka-chi, now extinct. On King's River, going down stream, are the following bands, in their order: Tis-e'-chu, Chai-nim'-ai-ni, It-i'-cha, Wi'-chi-kik, Tu'-chi, No-toan'-ai-ti, the latter on the lake, the Tachi at Kingston. On Dry Creek are the Kas-so'-vo; in Squaw Valley the Chu-kai'-mi-na. On the Kaweah River, beginning in the mountains, are the Wik'-sach-i, Wik-chum'-ni (in the foot-hills), Kau-i'-a (on the edge of the plains), Yu'-kol (on the plains), Te'-lum-ni (two miles below Visalia), Chu'-nut (at the lake). On Tule River are the O-ching'-i-ta (at Painted Rock), Ai'-a-pai (at Soda Spring), Mai-ai'-u (on South Fork), Sa-wakh'-tu (on the main river), Ki-a-wet'-ni (at Porterville). At Fort Tejon are the Tin'-lin-neh (from *tin'-nilh*, "a hole"), so called on account of some singular depressions in the earth in that vicinity. A little further north, near Kern Lake, are the Po-hal'-lin-Tin'leh (squirrel-holes), so named on account of the great number of ground-squirrels living in that place.

In the Yokuts nation there appears to be more political solidarity, more capacity in the petty tribes of being grouped into large and coherent masses, than is common in the State. This is particularly true of those living on the plains, who display in their encampments a military precision and regularity which are remarkable. Every village consists of a single row of wigwams, conical or wedge-shaped, generally made of tule, and just enough hollowed out within so that the inmates may sleep with the head higher than the feet, all in perfect alignment, and with a continuous awning of brushwood stretching along in front. In one end-wigwam lives

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361 592 the village captain; in the other, the shaman or *si-se'-ro* (Spanish, *hechisero*). In the mountains there is some approach to this martial array, but it is universal on the plains.

621 622 But it is more especially in their actual organization, and in the instances of great leaders who have arisen, that this quality is manifested. Every large natural division of territory possessing a certain homogeneity constitutes the domain of one tribe and one chief—for instance, a river-valley, from the snow-line down to the plains, or from the foot-hills to the lake—though nowadays this system has been disturbed by the whites. In 621 624 this domain every village has a captain, who stands to the central chief in the relation of a governor to the President, and is generally distinguished from his subjects by his long hair. At certain annual meetings and other occasions each captain reports to his chief the general condition of his village as to morals, as to quarrels, as to the acorn-crop, etc. In return, the 621 chief delivers a long oration of advice and counsel; warns, instructs, and 622 admonishes his subalterns; and, if necessary, berates soundly any delinquent. Both the chiefship and the captaincy are hereditary, that is, if the son does not prove to be a fool. But either can appoint his successor as he likes. For instance, Santiago, captain of the Tachi, had two sons, Ka'-teh and Ku'-to-mats, of whom Kateh was the first-born, but he designated the other to succeed him because, as Kateh ingenuously acknowledged, "he was the smartest".

622 Instances of this harmonious hierarchy of ranks exist yet in Chi-wi'-ni, who is chief over all the villages in Squaw Valley; in Wa-tu'-ga, who is chief of the three upper villages on King's River; and in Slōk'-nich, chief of the Chukchansi.

624 The captain has no substantial authority, even to appoint the time for a special mourning or a fandango; he must request the chief to do so in his behalf. But nowadays there are many villages which have broken away and become independent, and their captains exercise all the power the tribe will bear, which is small. In early days the chief sometimes wielded 622 considerable authority, as the following instances will evince:

Ten or fifteen years ago Pascual consolidated all the villages on King's River, except the one at the mouth, into a robust little kingdom;

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and he made his name feared and dreaded for many a score of miles around. He "bound out" his subjects at will, adults and children alike, to the ranchmen, on life-long indentures.

Nai-ak'-a-we was a famous prophet of the Chŭkchansi, who died in 1854. It is said that his name was known and his power was acknowledged from King's River as far north as Columbia; but this seems hardly probable. Naiakawe had a lofty ambition, and he meditated great and benevolent designs for his people, but he was doomed to disappointment. He sought to mollify those miserable janglings and that clannishness which have been so fatal to the California Indians from time immemorial; to reconcile the warring captains of villages and chiefs of tribes, and thereby harmonize them into one powerful nation, peaceful at home and respected and feared abroad. But the question of a food-supply was one which this savage statesman, however able and far-sighted, could not master. In ancient times they had immense herds of elk and deer, and, sweeping over the plains on their swift mustangs, they could shoot down at any time a fat bronco bogged by the lake (for the Indians of this State used to eat horse-flesh, until the influence of the Americans gradually induced them to abandon it); but now all these were gone, they had to scatter into families to collect food, the wretched feuds of the petty captains were eternally breaking out afresh, and Naiakawe beheld one hope after another and one noble design after another pass away; so he died at last broken-hearted. He said he did not wish to survive the ruin of his people.

Another notable characteristic of the Yokuts is the great influence and extensive journeyings of their wizards or rain-makers (*tēas*). Ke'-ya, who lives at Woodville, is one instance; but the most remarkable is Hop-ōd'-no. Though living at Fort Tejon, he has by his personal presence, his eloquence, and his cunning jugglery, made his fame and authority recognized for two hundred miles northward, to the banks of the San Joaquin. In 1870, the first of two successive years of drought, he made a pilgrimage from the fort up as far as King's River, and at every centrally-located village he made a pause and sent out runners to collect all the Indians of the vicinal villages to listen to him. In long and elaborate harangues he would promise them to bring rain on the dried-up earth, if they would contribute

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liberally of their substance. But he was yet an unknown prophet. They were incredulous, and mostly laughed him to scorn, whereupon he would leave the village in high dudgeon, denouncing war upon their heads, and threatening them with a continuance of the drought another year far worse than before. Sure enough, the enraged Hopodno brought drought a second year, and the Indians were smitten with remorse and terror, believing him endowed with superhuman power; and when next year he made a second pilgrimage, offerings were showered upon him in abundance, and men heard him with trembling. He compelled them to pay him fifty cents apiece, American money, and many gladly gave much more. And he made rain.

As to their implements and weapons, there are some interesting particulars to be noted. Here, as everywhere on the Sacramento and Joaquin plains, the Indians make no bows, but purchase them all from the mountaineers. This is because they have no cedar. This wood is extremely brittle when dry, and is then the poorest possible material for bows; but by anointing it every day with deer's marrow while it is drying the Indian overcomes this quality and renders it the best. The bow is taken from the white or sap wood, the outside of the tree being also the outside of the bow. It is scraped and polished down with wonderful painstaking, so that it may bend evenly, and the ends are generally carved so as to point back slightly. Then the Indian takes a quantity of deer's sinew, splits it up with flint into small fibers, and glues them on the outside or flat back of the weapon until it becomes semi-cylindrical in shape. These strings of sinew, being lapped around the end of the bow and doubled back a little way, impart to it its wonderful strength and elasticity. The glue is made by boiling the joints of various animals and combining the product with pitch.

I saw a bow thus carefully made in the hands of an aged chief, and it was truly a magnificent weapon. It was about five feet long, smooth and shining—for when it becomes a little soiled the fastidious savage scrapes it slightly with flint, then anoints it afresh with marrow—and of such great strength that it would require a giant to bend it in battle. For lack of skins the owner carried it in a calico case. The string, composed of twisted sinew, was probably equal in strength to a sea-grass rope of three times its diameter.

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411 diameter. When not used the bow was unstrung, and the string tied around the left limb of the bow, and to prevent the slightest lesion of either the bow or the string the former had a section of fur from some animal's tail, about four inches long, slipped on to it.

Of arrows, the Indians living on the plains made some for themselves out of button-willow, straight twigs of the buckeye, and canes, but the most durable came from the mountains. There are two kinds, war-arrows and game-arrows; the former furnished with flint-heads, the latter not. The shaft of the war-arrow consists of a single piece, but that of the game-arrow is frequently composed of three pieces, furnished with sockets so adjusted as to fit into each other snugly. When the hunter, lurking behind the covert, sees the quarry approaching, he measures quickly with his eye the [224] probable length of the shot he will have to make, and if it is a long one he couches his arrow with three pieces; but if a short one, with extraordinary quickness he twitches it apart, takes out the middle section, claps the two end sections together again, and fires. An arrow made of what we should pronounce the frailest of all woods, the tender shoot of a buckeye, and pointed with flint, has carried death to many a savage in battle. I have seen an Indian couch a game-arrow, which was pointed only with a section of arrow-wood, and drive it a full half-inch into the hardest oak! An old hunter says he has seen an Indian stand a hundred paces distant from a hare, slowly raise his long, polished bow, shoot a quick glance along the arrow, then send it whizzing through both his enormous ears, pinning him fast to a tree behind him.

324 411 Some mention was made in Chapter XI of the manner in which flint arrow-heads are made. Mr. E. G. Waite, in a communication to the *Overland Monthly*, gives the following description of the method employed both in Central California and among the Klamaths, as he witnessed it in an early day:

"The rock of flint or obsidian, esteemed by the natives for arrow-pointing, is broken into flat pieces, after the manner usually described. When the pieces have reached a proper size for arrow-heads the mode of finishing it is in this wise: The palm of the left hand is covered with buck-skin held in its place by the thumb being thrust through a hole in it. The

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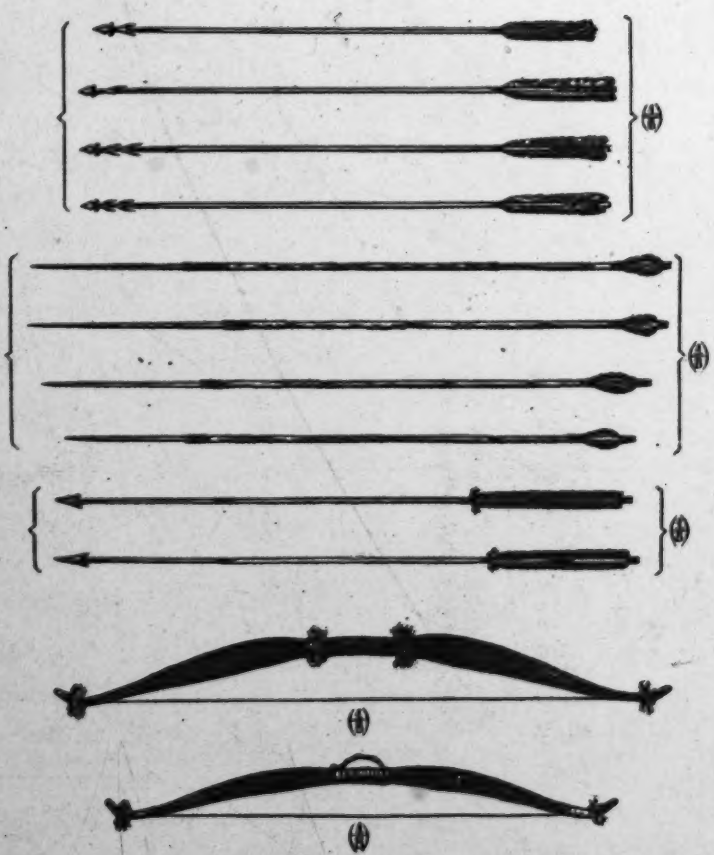

Figure 40.—Bows and Arrows.

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inchoate arrow-head is laid on this pad along the thick of the thumb, the points of the fingers pressing it firmly down. The instrument used to shape the stone is the end of a deer's antler, from four to six inches in length, held in the right hand. The small round point of this is judiciously pressed upon the edge of the stone, cleaving it away underward in small scales. The buckskin, of course, is to prevent the flesh from being wounded by the sharp scales. The arrow-head is frequently turned around and over to cleave away as much from one side as the other, and to give it the desired size and shape. It is a work of no little care and skill to make even so rude an instrument as an arrow-head seems to be, only the most expert being very successful at the business. Old men are usually seen at this employment."

Mr. B. P. Avery, in an article entitled "Chips from an Indian Workshop", published in the same magazine, gives a very pleasant account of a visit made by him, near the summit of the Sierra, to what had evidently been the spots selected by the aborigines for the manufacture of these arrow-heads. They were generally so chosen as to show that the Indians had an eye for the picturesque and the romantic, on bold, overlooking promontories, commanding prospects far and wide down the mountain slope and over the plains; and the brilliant-colored chips of obsidian, jasper, chert, cornelian, and other flints, lying in piles, completed a very pleasing picture.

Most California Indians go now, and always have gone, barefoot; but some few were industrious enough to make for themselves moccasins of a very rude sort, more properly sandals. Their method of tanning was by means of brain-water. They dried the brains of deer and other animals, reduced it to powder, put the powder into water, and soaked the skins therein—a process which answered tolerably well. The graining was done with flints. Elk-hide, being very thick, make the best sandals.

The usual shell-money is used among them, and a string of it reaching from the point of the middle finger to the elbow is valued at 25 cents. A section of bone, very white and polished, about two and a half inches long, is sometimes strung on the string, and rates at 12½ cents. They uniformly undervalue articles bought from the Americans; for

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436 instance, goods which cost them at the store $5 they sell among themselves for $3, or thereabout. This is done by the old Indians, who consider an Indian dollar better than an American.

252 They say that, in remote times, they were accustomed to rub their acorns to flour on a stone slightly hollowed, like the Mexican *metate*, which [173] was a suggestion of the mouse; but nowadays they pound them in holes on top of huge bowlders, which was a suggestion of the wiser coyote. On a [172] bowlder in Coarse Gold Gulch, I counted eighty-six of these acorn-holes, which shows that they must have been used many centuries.

283 For snaring quail, rabbits, and other small game, they employ cords 224 made of a kind of "wild flax" found in the Sierra. I presume this "wild flax" is milkweed (*Asclepias*).

272 Manzanita cider is made of a much better quality than the wretched stuff seen among the Wintūn. After reducing the berries to flour by pounding, they carefully remove all the seeds and skins, then soak the flour in water for a considerable length of time. A squaw then heaps it up in a little mound, with a crater in the center, into which she pours a minute stream of water, allowing it to percolate through. In this way she gets about a gallon an hour of a really delicious beverage, clear, cool, clean, and richer than most California apple cider. The Indians consume it all before it has time to ferment, so that they do not get intoxicated on it.

226 In the mountain streams which empty into Tulare Lake they catch lake trout, chubs, and suckers. Sometimes they construct a weir across the river with a narrow chute and a trap set in it; then go above and stretch a line of brushwood from one bank to the other, which they drag down stream, driving the fish into the trap. Another way is to erect a brushwood booth over the water, so thickly covered as to be perfectly dark inside; then an Indian lies flat on his belly, peering down though a hole, and when a fish passes under him he spears it. The spear is pointed with bone, and is two-pronged. Still another method is employed on Tule River and King's [481 River. An Indian takes a funnel-shaped trap in his teeth and hands, buoys 501] himself on a little log, and then floats silently down the rapids, holding the net open to receive the fish that may be shooting up. On Tulare Lake they construct very rude, frail punts or mere troughs of tule, about ten feet

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Figure 41.—Baby-basket, acorn-baskets, sifters, &c.

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long, in which they cruise timidly about near the shore. There is a margin where the bottom is almost level and the waves run light; but the middle of the lake is of immense depth, and the billows sometimes lash themselves into oceanic proportions.

Around the lake and on King's River one will often find a family using a tolerably well-made stone mortar. They always admit that they did not manufacture these implements, but happened on them in digging or found them on the surface, and that they belonged to a race other than their own. They sometimes have the ingenuity to improve on them by fastening a basket-hopper around the top to prevent the acorns from flying out. On the west side of Tulare Lake these mortars are very numerous, and of course they must have been carried thither from the mountains.

On Tule River I saw the process of basket-weaving. Instead of willow twigs for the framework or warp, the squaw takes long stalks of grass, (*Sporobolus*); and for the threads or the woof various barks or roots split fine—pine root for a white color, willow bark for a brown, and some unknown bark for a black. The process of weaving is like that heretofore described; the awl or needle was the sharpened thigh-bone of a hawk.

The Gualala style of gambling prevails all over the State, but the Yokuts have another sort, which pertains exclusively to the women. It is a kind of dice-throwing, and is called *u-chu'-us*. For a dice they take half of a large acorn or walnut shell, fill it level with pitch and pounded charcoal, and inlay it with bits of bright-colored abalone shells. For a dice-table they weave a very large, fine basket-tray, almost flat, and ornamented with devices woven in black or brown, mostly rude imitations of trees and geometrical figures. Four squaws sit around it to play, and a fifth keeps tally with fifteen sticks. There are eight dice, and they scoop them up in their hands and dash them into the basket, counting one when two or five flat surfaces turn up.

The rapidity with which the game goes forward is wonderful, and the players seem totally oblivious to all things in the world beside. After each throw that a player makes she exclaims *yet'-ni* (equivalent to "one-y"), or *wi-a-tak*, or *ko-mai-éh*, which are simply a kind of sing-song or chanting One old squaw, with scarcely a tooth in her head, one eye gone, her face

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525 777 all withered, but with a lower jaw as of iron, and features denoting extraordinary strength of will—a reckless old gambler, and evidently a teacher of the others—after each throw would grab into the basket, and jerk her hand across it, as if by the motion of the air to turn the dice over before they settled, and ejaculate *wiatak!* It was amusing to see the savage energy with which this fierce old hag carried on the game. The others were modest [152] and spoke in low tones, but she seemed to be unaware of the existence of anybody around her.

Following are the Yokuts numerals, taken at three places:

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	KINGSTON.	KAWEAH RIVER.	FORT TEJON.
One.	yet.	yet.	yet.
Two.	po-no′-eh.	pūng′-o-eh.	poan′-oikh.
Three.	so′-pin.	so-o′-pin.	so-o′-pin.
Four.	ha′-to-po-noh.	ha-to-pang-ih′.	ha-to-poan′-oikh.
Five.	yit′-sen-it.	yi-tsing′-ut.	yi-tsin′-et.
Six.	cha′-lip-eh.	chu′-di-peh.	tso′-li-pih.
Seven.	nōm′-chil.	noam′-chin.	noam′-chikhl.
Eight.	mo-noas′.	mu′-nūsh.	mu′-nus.
Nine.	se′-po-noat.	no′-nip.	so′-pon-hut.
Ten.	tsi′-oh.	ti′-i-hoh.	ti′-i-hoh.

805 192 On the Tule River Reservation they have coined names for the days of the week. They are these: Wu-lo′-a, Po′-ni-o, So′-pi-o, Hots′-po, Ya′-ti-so, Chol′-po, Hu-lo′-sa.

753 Their theory of disease is, that it all resides in the blood. To prove this, they cite the fact that the blood always collects underneath a bruise and makes it dark; and also the fact that drawn blood coagulates. Hence 757 their favorite remedy was scarification with small flints. And when they [304] became acquainted with the process of cupping, they wearied the reservation surgeon with applications to have it performed on them for every little [278] ailment. For diseases of the bowels they boil up a mess of a large and very stinking root, and give it internally.

262 Their range of food is extensive. Around the lake they cut and dry the seed-stalks of a kind of flag (*Typha*) which has a head something like a

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teasel, thresh out the seed and make flour of it; also wild rye and wild sunflower seed. They eat grass-nuts (*Cyperus*) and the seeds of the same, a plant with a triangular stalk. In the mountains they used to fire the forests, and thereby catch great quantities of grasshoppers and caterpillars already roasted, which they devoured with relish, and this practice kept the underbrush burned out, and the woods much more open and park-like than at present. This was the case all along the Sierra. But since about 1862, for some reason or other, the yield of grasshoppers has been limited. They are fond of a huge, succulent worm, resembling the tobacco-worm, which is roasted; also the larvæ of yellow-jackets, which they pick out and eat raw. Dogs are reared (or were) largely for the flesh which they supply, which is accounted by them a special dainty, and which comes well in play, like the farmer's yellow-legged chicken, when other meat is scarce. Unlike the Miwok, they eat skunks.

Among the animals which are, in some sort, sacred to them, is the rattlesnake (*te'-el*), which they never destroy. A story is related of an Indian who captured one on the plains and carefully conveyed it into the mountains, where he released it, that it might be less liable to the attacks of white men; and of another, who, seeing an American about to destroy one, scared it into the rocks that it might escape. The coyote also moved among them with perfect impunity, for he is revered as the creator of the universe. Before the impious American came, these animals swarmed thick about every mountain rancheria, and they often chased the dogs into the village itself. An old hunter says he has seen Indian dogs more than once turn on a coyote and drive it off a few rods, when it would fall on its side, turn up its legs, and commence playing with them. It is a singular fact that, in the Gallinoméro language, *kaĭ'-yu* denotes "dog", while in the Yokuts *kaĭ'-yu* means "coyote". Indeed, to judge from his appearance to this day, the Indian dog is an animal in whose genealogy the coyote largely assisted. In the Wintûn language the word for "coyote" is literally "hill-dog".

Some of the medical practice, and all of the midwifery, are performed by the women. In cases of severe travail they frequently employ a decoction of scraped bear's claws. Again, the nurse will smear her palms with

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757 pine sugar, hold them before the fire until it is melted, then lay them gently on the abdomen of the parturient. The sweat-house everywhere prevails,
[171] of course, but it is smaller among these southern out-door people than it is farther north, being never used for a council-house or a dance-house.

791 The rain-maker, or wizard, though very potent, can be put to death by vote of a council, in case a patient dies under his treatment. Occasionally the manner of his taking-off is still more tragic. The Mono, being unsophisticated mountaineers, originally had no professional wizards, and in 1864 a Yokuts, named Sacate, went up from the plains to them, and for a time prosecuted an extremely lucrative practice. But he finally lost a case, and thereupon the simple and sincere Mono, being unable to comprehend how a man whose function was to save life could lose it and be guiltless, crushed in his skull with a stone.

[276] These wizards sometimes chew the seeds of the jimson-weed (*Datura meteloides*) to induce delirium, which their dupes regard as the touch of an unseen power, and their crazy ravings as divinely-inspired oracles. It is related that an ambitious wizard once chewed too much seed and yielded up the ghost.

731 An old Indian, named Chu-chu'-ka, relates that many years ago there
164 was a terrible plague which raged on both sides of the Fresno, destroying thousands of lives. According to his account it was a black-tongue disease. Abundant evidences of his truthfulness have been discovered in the shape
[172] of bones. A man named Holt was digging a ditch on Ray's ranch, near Sand Creek, and found such an immense number of bones about eighteen inches under the surface that, after digging three hundred yards, he was forced to abandon the undertaking. On Hildreth's ranch, near Pool-of-Water, a large box of human bones was collected in making a garden.

791 It is the custom of the wizards to hold every spring the rattlesnake
796 dance (*ta-ta'-lo-wis*), which is a source of great profit to the cunning rogues.
825 They plant green boughs in a circle, inclosing a space fifty or sixty yards in diameter, wherein the performances are held, as are most of the Yokuts' dances. The great audience is congregated in the middle, while the wizards dance around the circle, next to the arboreal wall. Besmeared with
[302] numerous and fantastic streaks of paint, and gorgeously topped with feath-

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ers, four of them caper around like clowns in a circus, chasing each other, chanting, brandishing rattlesnakes in their hands, twining them about their arms, and suffering them to bite their hands. It is supposed that they have either plucked their fangs, or have not allowed them to drink any water for a number of days beforehand, which is said to render them harmless. But the credulous savages believe them invulnerable, and they eagerly press forward with their offerings, in return for which the wizards give them complete immunity from snake-bites for the space of a year. The younger Indians, somewhat indoctrinated in American ideas, have become sadly skeptical and heretical in regard of these dances, which they contemptuously term "skunk meetings", to the great scandal of their pious elders.

Formerly the step danced by the men on most occasions might not inappropriately be called the piston-rod dance, as they seemed intent on driving their legs alternately into the earth. Of late they have adopted from the Mono the grand walk-round, in a single circle, men and women together, and with an entirely different and less violent step.

Although they have a form of war-dance, and the Chukchansi warred a great deal with the Pohonichi of old, as a race they are peaceful, and they take no scalps. But of late years, under the aggravation of aggressions by white men, they have adopted from the warlike Mono the red paint (instead of black), which has so terrible a significance in a savage dance, and the appearance of which always makes the frontiersmen uneasy. From them, also, they have learned to talk of war, to bluster, to threaten darkly, to hold secret conclaves far within the depths of the mountains, from which the whites were rigidly excluded. But nothing has come of them. These things are foreign to the peaceful Yokuts, and the Monos, though they are supposed to have attempted it many times, have never succeeded in screwing their neighbors' courage up to the sticking-point of joining them in a war on the whites.

Nowadays $20 or $30 in gold is paid for a wife, but this only for a virgin. For a widow or a maid suspected of unchastity no man will pay anything or make any presents; and it is due to the Yokuts to state that a pioneer who has lived among them twenty-one years affirms that before the arrival of the Americans they were comparatively virtuous. Dr. E. R. Bate-

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834 man, physician to the Tule River Reservation, gives me the information that both males and females, though bathing quite apart, never enter the water without wearing breech-cloths at least; and this is corroborated by an old resident on King's River, who observed it of them in their native con-
837 dition. Mr. Charles Maltby, agent of the above reservation, and at one
[81] time Indian agent for the whole State, and well acquainted with aboriginal habits, also affirms that the Yokuts are purer than the northern tribes, and
[648] that the Indians throughout Southern California are less given to the infamous practice of selling the virtue of their women to white men than those of Northern California. They may not have been any better originally, but they have not been so shamefully debauched by miners. That is probably the explanation.

192 Their language has what is generally considered a good indication,
834 separate words for "woman" (*mo-kel'-la*), and wife (*mo-ki'*); also, for "man" (*no'-no*) and "husband" (*lo'-wit*).

591 We find also the singular custom noticed in some other tribes, that a man marrying goes to live at his wife's or father-in-law's house, though he still has power of life or death over her person.

847 Infanticide is practiced in case of deformity.

Many years ago the Indians dwelling on the lake at the mouth of King's
648 River were carried away captives by the Spaniards, and taken to San Luis
567 Obispo. After a long residence there, upon the breaking up of the missions, they returned to their native land; but meantime a new generation had grown up, to whom the old mission was their home. They yearned to return, and to this day they make an annual pilgrimage to San Luis, where they remain a month; and they would by preference live there all their remaining days, only their children, born on the shores of Tulare Lake, will not consent. By some this may be considered a convincing proof of their attachment to the old Jesuit padres, who used to lasso them in the name of the church; but it is not necessary to resort to this explanation at all. It is easily enough accounted for by the California Indian's proverbial love of his birthplace, just as the slave-born children of Israel lusted for the flesh-pots of that Egypt which had scourged them.

764 If an Indian dies on a trail far from home he is buried beside it. Every
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one who passes the mound casts upon it a stone, or a string of shell-money, or some other offering, which pious service will secure him from the dire calamity of dying away from home and friends.

Incremation is pretty general, though the Chukchansi are said to burn only those who die a violent death or are snake-bitten, and bury all others. A widow or widower is expected to mourn one year, and if they remarry within that time they are discountenanced. This is not saying that they do not sometimes nowadays, since they have become debauched by "civilization", remarry in a week, even, occasionally; but there is good reason to believe that in their better days of savagery they observed this period with much scrupulosity. But as soon as the first dance for the dead occurs it releases all the mourners in the tribe from further seclusion, even if it should happen only a few days after some death, and then they are free to enjoy all the gayeties as before.

As there has been some sharp discussion of the existence of an aboriginal belief in annihilation of the soul after death, it is worth while to adduce the testimony of one who should know. J. H. Bethel, who lived among the Chukchansi twenty-one years, and spoke their language fluently, affirms that this belief is very generally diffused, both among the Yokuts and the Mono.

ORIGIN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Once there was a time when there was nothing in the world but water. About the place where Tulare Lake is now, there was a pole standing far up out of the water, and on this pole perched a hawk and a crow. First one of them would sit on the pole awhile, then the other would knock him off and sit on it himself. Thus they sat on top of the pole above the waters for many ages. At length they wearied of the lonesomeness, and they created the birds which prey on fish such as the kingfisher, eagle, pelican, and others. Among them was a very small duck, which dived down to the bottom of the water, picked its beak full of mud, came up, died, and lay floating on the water. The hawk and the crow then fell to work and gathered from the duck's beak the earth which it had brought up, and commenced making the mountains. They began at the place now known as Ta-hi'-cha-pa Pass, and the hawk made the east range,

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773 while the crow made the west one. Little by little, as they dropped in the earth, these great mountains grew athwart the face of the waters, pushing north. It was a work of many years, but finally they met together at Mount Shasta, and their labors were ended. But, behold, when they compared their mountains, it was found that the crow's was a great deal the larger. Then the hawk said to the crow, "How did this happen, you rascal? I warrant you have been stealing some of the earth from my bill, and that is why your mountains are the biggest." It was a fact, and the crow laughed in his claws. Then the hawk went and got some Indian tobacco and chewed it, and it made him exceedingly wise. So he took hold of the mountains and turned them round in a circle, putting his range in place of the crow's; and that is why the Sierra Nevada is larger than the Coast Range.

This legend is of value as showing the aboriginal notions of geography. In explaining the story, the Indian drew in the sand a long ellipse, representing quite accurately the shape of the two ranges; and he had never traveled away from King's River.

769 While in Coarse Gold Gulch, it was my good fortune to witness the great dance for the dead (*ko-tĭ'-wa-chil*), which was one of the most extraordinary human spectacles I ever beheld. It was not the regular annual dance, but a special one, held by request of Ko-lo'-mus-nim, a subchief of the Chukchansi; but it was in all respects as strange, as awful, as imposing an exhibition of barbaric superstition and barbaric affection as is afforded by the formal anniversary. Not to my dying hour will the recollection of that frightful midnight pageant be effaced.

First, it will be well to explain that among the Yokuts the dance for the dead is protracted nearly a week. The first two or three nights, while they are waiting for the assembling of the tardy delegations, are occupied only in speech-making, story-telling, etc., until a late hour; but during the last three nights they dance throughout the night until morning, and on the third night, about daybreak, they burn the offerings consecrated to the dead. This happened to be the first of the last three nights, hence no burning occurred, but in every other respect it was complete, and all the

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exercises were conducted with more energy and with fuller choruses than they would have been after the Indians had become exhausted. 769

When Tueh, the Indian interpreter, and myself entered the camp it was already an hour after nightfall, but there were yet no indications of a beginning of the dark orgies that were to be enacted. We found about three hundred Indians assembled, in a place remote from any American habitations, and encamped in light, open booths of brushwood, running around three sides of a spacious quadrangle. This quadrangle had been swept and beaten smooth for a dancing-floor, and near one of the inside corners there was a small, circular embankment, like a circus-ring, with the sacred fire brightly burning in the center. Kolomusnim and his relatives, the chief mourners, occupied the corner-booths near this ring, and near by was Sloknich, the head-chief of the Chukchansi, by whose authority this assembly had been convened. Here and there a fire burned with a staggering, sleepy blaze just outside the quadrangle, faintly glimmering through the booths; at intervals an Indian moved stealthily across the half-illuminated space within; while every few minutes the atmosphere was rendered discordant and hideous, as indeed the whole night was, during the most solemn passages, by the yelping, snarling, and fighting of the hordes of dogs. [231]

For fully half an hour we slowly sauntered and loitered about the quadrangle, conversing in undertones, but still nothing occurred to break the somber silence, save the ever-recurring scurries of yelps from the accursed dogs. Now and then an Indian slowly passed across and sat down on the circular embankment, while others in silence occasionally fed the sacred fire. But at last, from Kolomusnim's quarter, there came up a long, wild, haunting wail, in a woman's voice. After a few minutes it was repeated. Soon another joined in, then another, and another, slowly, very slowly, until the whole quarter was united in an eldritch, dirge-like, dismal chorus. After about half an hour it ceased, as slowly as it began; and again there was profound, death-like silence; and again it was broken by the ever-renewed janglings of the dogs.

Some time again elapsed before any further movement was made, and then Sloknich, a little, old man, but straight as an arrow, with a sharp face

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769 and keen, little, basilisk eyes, stepped forth into the quadrangle and began to walk slowly to and fro around its three sides, making the opening proclamation. He spoke in extremely short, jerky sentences, with much repetition, substantially as follows:

[539] "Make ready for the mourning. Let all make ready. Everybody make ready. Prepare your offerings. Your offerings to the dead. Have them all ready. Show them to the mourners. Let them see your sympathy. The mourning comes on. It hastens. Everybody make ready."

He continued in this manner for about twenty minutes, then ceased and entered his booth; after which silence, funereal and profound, again brooded over the encampment. By this proclamation he had formally opened the proceedings, and he took no further part in them, except in a short speech of condolence. By this time the Indians had collected in considerable numbers on the embankment, and they kept slowly coming forward until the circle was nearly completed, and the fire was only visible shooting up above their heads. A low hum of conversation began to buzz around it, as of slowly awakening activity. The slow piston-rod of aboriginal dignity was beginning to ply; the clatter and whizzing of the machinery were swelling gradually up. No women had yet come out, for they took no part in the earlier proceedings. It was now quite ten o'clock, and we were getting impatient.

Presently the herald, a short, stout Indian, with a most voluble tongue, came out into the quadrangle with a very long staff in his hand, and paced slowly up and down the lines of booths, proclaiming:

769 539 "Prepare for the dance. Let all make ready. We are all friends. We are all one people. We were a great tribe once. We are little now. All our hearts are as one. We have one heart. Make ready your offerings. The women have the most money. The women have the most offerings. They give the most. Get ready the tobacco. Let us chew the tobacco."

[195] This man spoke with an extraordinary amount of repetition. For instance, he would say: "The women—the women—the women—have the most—have the most—the most money—have the most money—the

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women—the women—have the most offerings—the most offerings—give the most—give the most—the women—the women—give the most."

He spoke fully as long as Sloknich had done, and while he was speaking they were preparing a decoction of Indian tobacco by the fire. When he ceased he took his place in the circle, and all of them now began to sip and taste the tobacco, which seemed to be intended as a kind of mortification of the flesh. Sitting along on the embankment, while the nauseous mess was passing around in a basket, and others were tasting the boiled leaves, they sought to mitigate the bitter dose with jokes and laughter. One said, "Did you ever see the women gather tobacco for themselves?" This was intended as a jest, for no woman ever touches the weed, but nobody laughed at it. As the powerful emetic began to work out its inevitable effect, one Indian after another arose from the circle and passed slowly and silently out into the outer darkness, whence there presently came up to our ears certain doleful and portentous sounds, painfully familiar to people who have been at sea. After all the Indians in the circle, except a few tough stomachs, had issued forth into the darkness and returned to their places, about eleven o'clock, the herald went around as before, making a third proclamation:

"Let all mourn and weep. O, weep for the dead. Think of the dead body lying in the grave. We shall all die soon. We were a great people once. We are weak and little now. Be sorrowful in your hearts. O, let sorrow melt your hearts. Let your tears flow fast. We are all one people. We are all friends. All our hearts are one heart."

For the last hour or so the mourners and their more intimate friends and sympathizers, mostly women, had been collecting in Kolomusnim's quarter, close behind the circle, and preparing their offerings. Occasionally a long, solitary wail came up, trembling on the cold night-wind. At the close of the third proclamation they began a death-dance, and the mourners crowded promiscuously in a great, open booth, and held aloft in their hands or on their heads, as they danced, the articles they intended to offer to the memory of the departed. It was a splendid exhibition of barbaric gewgaws. Glittering necklaces of *Haliotis* and other rare marine shells; bits of American tapestry; baskets of the finest workmanship, on which they

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[301] had toiled for months, perhaps for years, circled and furred with hundreds of little quail-plumes, bespangled, scalloped, festooned, and embroidered with beadery until there was scarcely place for the handling; plumes, shawls, etc. Kolomusnim had a pretty plume of metallic-glistening ravens' feathers in his hand. But the most remarkable article was a great plume, nearly six feet long, shaped like a parasol slightly opened, mostly of ravens' feathers, but containing rare and brilliant plumage from many birds of the forest, topped with a smaller plume or kind of coronet, and lavishly bedecked through all its length with bulbs, shell-clusters, circlets of feathers, dangling festoons—a magnificent bauble, towering far above all, with its glittering spangles and nodding plume on plume contrasting so strangely with the tattered and howling savages over whom it gorgeously swayed and flaunted. [532] Another woman had an image, rudely constructed of shawls and clothing, to represent the dead woman, sister to Kolomusnim.

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152 The beholding of all these things, some of which had belonged to the departed, and the strong contagion of human sorrow, wrought the Indians into a frenzy. Wildly they leaped and wailed; some flung themselves upon the earth and beat their breasts. There were constant exhortations to grief. Sloknich, sitting on the ground, poured forth burning and piercing words: "We have all one heart. All our hearts bleed with yours. Our eyes weep tears like a living spring. O, think of the poor, dead woman in the grave." Kolomusnim, a savage of a majestic presence, bating his garb, though a hesitating orator, was so broken with grief that his few sobbing words moved the listeners like a funeral knell. Beholding now and then a special friend in the circle, he would run and fall upon his knees before him, bow down his head to the earth, and give way to uncontrollable sorrow. Others of the mourners would do the same, presenting to the friend's gaze some object which had belonged to the lamented woman. The friend, if a man, would pour forth long condolences; if a woman, she would receive the mourner's head in her hands, tenderly stroke down her hair, and unite her tears and lamentations with her's. Many an eye, both of men and women, both of mourners and strangers, glistened in the flickering fire-light with copious and genuine tears.

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But amid all this heart-felt mourning there were occasional manifestations of purely mechanical grief that were amusing. The venerable Sloknich, though he was a gifted and thrilling orator, a savage Nestor, preserved a dry eye; but once in a while he would arise in his place and lift up his voice in mourning like a sandhill-crane, then presently sit down and [226] calmly light a cigarette. After smoking two or three, he would stand up and fire away again. Cigarettes were burning everywhere. An Indian would take one out of his mouth and give a prolonged and dolorous bellow, then take a few whiffs again.

Yet even these comical manifestations were so entirely in earnest that nobody thought of laughing at the time; and though one's sense of humor could not but make silent note of them the while, they were greatly overborne by the outpouring of genuine, unmistakable grief. So far even from smiling, one might, without being accused of sentimental weakness, have dropped a tear at the spectacle of these poor wretches, weeping not more perhaps for the loved and lost than over their own miserable and hapless destiny of extermination.

These demonstrations continued a long time, a very long time, and I 769
began to be impatient again, believing that the principal occasion had passed. It appeared afterward that they are compelled by their creed and custom to prolong the proceedings until daylight; hence this extreme deliberation.

But now, at last, about one o'clock in the morning, upon some preconcerted signal, there was a sudden and tumultuous rushing from all quarters of the quadrangle, amid which the interpreter and myself were almost borne down. For the first time during the night the women appeared conspicuously on the scene, thronged into the sacred circle, and quickly formed a ring close around the fire—a single circle of maidens, facing inward. The whole multitude of the populous camp crowded about them in confusion, jostling and struggling. A choir of male singers took their position hard by and commenced the death-song, though they were not audible except to the nearest listeners.

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At the same instant the young women began their frightful dance, 786
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769 which consisted of two leaps on each foot alternately, causing the body to
786 rock to and fro; and either hand was thrust out with the swaying, as if the
535 offering it held were about to be consigned to the flames, while the breath was forced out with violence between the teeth, in regular cadence, with a harsh and grinding sound of *heh!* The blaze of the sacred fire flamed redly out between the bodies of the dancers, swaying in accord, while the dishevelled locks of the leaping hags wildly snapping in the night wind, the blood-curdling rasp of their breath in concert, and the frightful ululations and writhings of the mourners, conspired to produce a terrible effect. At the sight of this weird, awful, and lurid spectacle, which was swung into motion so suddenly, I felt all the blood creep and tingle in my veins, and my eyes moisten with the tears of a nameless awe and terror. We were beholding now, at last, the great dance for the dead.

All the long remainder of that frenzied night, from one o'clock to two, to three, to four, to five, those women leaped in the maddening dance, through smoke, and choking dust, and darkness, and glaring light, and cold, and heat, amid the unceasing wail of the multitude, not knowing or heeding aught else on earth. Once in five or ten minutes, when the choir completed a chorus, there was a pause of a few seconds; but no one moved from her place for a moment. What wonder that only the strongest young maidens were chosen for the duty! What wonder that the men avoided this terrible ordeal!

769 About four o'clock, wearied, dinned, and benumbed with the cold of the mountains, I crept away to a friendly blanket and sought to sleep. But it was in vain, for still through the night-air were borne up to my ears the far-off crooning, the ululations, and that slow-pulsing, horrid *heh!* of the leaping witches, with all the distant voices, each more distinct than when heard nearer, of the mourning camp. The morning star drew itself far up into the blue reaches of heaven, blinking in the cold, dry California air, and still all the mournful riot of that Walpurgis-night went on.

Then slowly there was drawn over everything a soft curtain of oblivion; the distant voices blended into one undistinguishable murmur, then died away and were still; the mourning was ended; the dancers ceased because they were weary.

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For half an hour, perhaps, I slept. Then awaking suddenly I stood up in my blankets and looked down upon the camp, now broadly flooded by the level sun. It was silent as the grave. Even the unresting dogs slept at last, and the Indian ponies ceased from browsing, and stood still between the manzanita bushes to let the first sunshine warm and mellow up their hides, on which the hair stood out straight. All that wonderful night seemed like the phantasmagoria of a fevered dream. But before the sun was three-quarters of an hour high that tireless herald was out again, and going the rounds with a loud voice, to waken the heavy sleepers. In a few minutes the whole camp was in motion; not one remained, though many an eyelid moved like lead. The choir of singers took their places promptly, squatting on the ground; and a great company of men and women, bearing their offerings aloft, as before, joined in the same dance as described with the same hissing *kch!* only it was performed in a disorderly rush-round, raising a great cloud of dust. Every five minutes, upon the ceasing of the singers, all faced suddenly to the west, ran forward a few paces, with a great clamor of mourning, and those in the front prostrated themselves, and bowed down their faces to the earth, while others stretched out their arms to the west, and piteously wrung them, with imploring cries, as if beckoning the departed spirits to return, or waving them a last farewell. This is in accordance with their belief in a Happy Western Land. Soon, upon the singers resuming, they all rose and joined again in the tumultuous rush-round. This lasted about an hour; then all was ended for that day, and the weary mourners betook themselves to their booths and to sleep. [775]

Perhaps the only feature that mars this wonderful exhibition, in a moral point of view, is the fact that any mourner, when about to consign a funeral plume or other ornament to the flames in honor of the dead, will accept money for it from a by-stander (provided he is an Indian), if only enough is offered. But they have scruples against selling objects on these occasions to a white man.

At Kern Lake, there was a small tribe which I am at a loss where to place in my classification. There are only a very few of them left, having been removed to Tule River Reservation; and at this latter place I saw only 101

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one old man who was able to give me, through a Spanish interpreter, his numerals, but nothing more. Following are the ten numerals:

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One.	kil'-leh.	Six.	tukh'-tu.
Two.	cho-yo'-chi.	Seven.	po-ko'-i-chin-tin'-li.
Three.	u-yat'-si.	Eight.	pus'-in-tin'-li.
Four.	chu'-i-chau.	Nine.	hōs'-che.
Five.	loap'-chin-tin'-li.	Ten.	chi'-wa.